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NATIONAL INTERVENTION. *Evans*

WASHINGTON having received the highest honors that a thankful people in a republic could bestow, immediately previous to his retiring from the busy turmoils of public life, in which he had so long and so arduously labored. Seeing with the watchful eye of a true patriot, the tendency of our people to forget their own interests in their headlong strides towards greatness and power; wisely considered it necessary that they should be warned of the shoals upon which so many before them had been wrecked. Finding no one willing to undertake such a task, he assumed the responsibility. And how very suitable it was. He who had borne and experienced all the privations and dangers of a soldier's life—also bearing the responsibilities of being America's first president, and of setting an example which was to be handed down from generation to generation, and which was to exert a powerful influence on all future administrations. Such, and such alone was the man to guide the erring steps of the youthful Republic.

The whole of his farewell address was a collection of the wisest counsels that man ever conceived. Among the prominent and most important topics therein treated, were the principles of non-intervention. He warned the people from getting into foreign difficulties. This *was* well! Our Republic was then in her child-

hood,—she had just ended a long and expensive war with a superior power, her public treasury empty and her standing army, (if she had any), wonderfully weakened as to numbers. How preposterous would it then have been in her, if in case some nation would have asked it; to have sent ammunition and men across the Atlantic to their assistance, while she could not do without them at home. But those times are past, the then weak confederacy consisting of only thirteen states, has now increased to thirty one. The then youth, has now reached the age, stature and power of maturity. She followed the parental advice which applied to her *when* a child. But she has now reached the age of discretion and is therefore capable and should act for herself.

The groans of the oppressed millions, are the sure symptoms of another outbreak, and this nation will again have an opportunity of showing whether she intends "throwing to the wind" the principles of non-intervention—rushing manfully to the contest, and there on the side of freedom, hoist the stars and stripes, not the prostitute which waves over three millions of slaves, but the genuine "don't tread on me," or on the contrary, maintain as she always has done, those selfish principles and stand the idle uninterested spectator, and see nation after nation spending their last drop of blood in the contest for freedom, and in the agonies of despair appealing to America to lend a helping hand. But she forgetful that in her struggle for independence, when the gloomy clouds of adversity sat brooding over her little band of patriots, that the people of France with the true spirit of republicans crossed the wide Atlantic to lend assistance. Yes America! she boasted "land of the free and home of the brave," stands by and without one single effort to prevent the disaster, sees Greece conquered by the ruthless Turk. Poland rubbed as it were from the very slate of existence, and lastly Hungary crushed by the iron and tyrannical heel of Austria. But it is said that we as a people sympathize with the oppressed. We ask of what advantage is our sympathy to them without substantial aid to back it? This hypocritical way of publicly sympathizing is only adding more fuel to the latent fire which must eventually break out and reveal our true character to a surprised world.

We have seen the exiled patriots of Europe kneeling at America's feet, and in that attitude beseeching her to exert one particle of her mighty power, not for the sake of their promotion but as a privilege towards the spreading of liberty. Notwithstanding all this, with the perverted language of Washington upon her lips, America unfeelingly denies the request, thus showing that she is no friend of freedom's, and shutting out the last ray of hope, leaves the slave to grope in darkness.

Another feigned objection to our interfering in the affairs of foreign nations, is that it entangles us in a war. We acknowledge that war is horrible, but are not the laws of nations to be maintained? Are not the culprits to be punished for disobedience to those laws? Most certainly they are, it is a duty which we as a nation ought to perform, and if neglected we an enlightened and civilized people do directly acknowledge that might is right, and that the weak are to be crushed by the strong.

How inconsistent it is in our statesmen, aye! even our ministers of the Holy Gospel, proclaiming the doctrines of peace and non-intervention, when every fresh gale that comes to us from across the Atlantic bears to our ears the cries of the oppressed millions.

Why then shall not America resume the position that she once held? When weak and surrounded by enemies, both at home and abroad, she manfully proclaimed that her sons were freemen, and what is still more praiseworthy proved them to be such. Why does she now when at the very acme of her greatness, enjoying all the blessings that a kind Providence can bestow, forget that others are struggling as she once was for their independence, and without her powerful arm, all their attempts must fail. Has she also forgot that if it had not been for the alliance of France her struggle would most probably have been futile likewise.

But let us hope for the better. Let us look for a change with its beneficial results. So when that happy period arrives, which must eventually come, when tyrants and their tottering thrones shall simultaneously fall, how proud will every true American feel when he learns that *his* country was the great instrument and that her flag was the first hoisted upon the mouldering ruins of despotism.

WHY LOVE HER?

Of all the objects which beautify creation man, or mankind is the chief; not only on account of his high origin and destiny, but also on account of the beauty of his physical, mental and moral constitution. Now the God of nature in endowing the works of His hands with those peculiar qualities which belong to each, has given to some those distinguishing characteristics which render them more than others, the objects of love and admiration. This we find to hold good from the very lowest order of creation to the brightest planet that sparkles in the heavens, or the loftiest seraph that sings before the throne.

And not only is this so, but it is also a fact derived from all past experience, and written in characters as clear as noon-day, that, in proportion as an object is lovely, that is, comes up to that sense of beauty which is the peculiar property of each individual, whether that object be animate or inanimate, we are from the very instinct of our nature led to love and admire it. Now if it be true that each animal seeks the society of those of its own species, and is more delighted in it than in that of others, and if it be also true that an object is loved and admired in proportion to its beauty, how much more true should it be, that man should love not only the society of those of his own species, transcendently beyond that of every other; but that also the most lovely object of that species should draw forth all the love and admiration of his heart!

Who, then, is this lovely object that man is bound by all the tender sympathies of his heart to love and cherish as his own life? What is that object which in spite of all the restraints under which man places his heart, still steals it away? Who is this, that is physically the crowning glory of nature's handy-work? I ask Burns and Byron, I interrogate the whole band of poets who have sung of love; nay more, I walk through Eden's bowers, 'mid objects fair and beautiful; I recline with the great progenitor of the human family, on the shady banks of the river of life, and amid all those objects of enchanting beauty by which he is surrounded, with him I feel the thrill of ecstasy, as, still

surpassing all, to his enraptured gaze, the last, the loveliest, the best of Heaven's enrapturing gifts—Eve is presented ! Here, then we have the question answered exactly to the point. The Creator, in constituting man's nature, did not endow him with one single attribute either of body or mind, without also bringing into existence an object exactly suited to the nature and development of that attribute. To say that the Creator acted otherwise, would be to accuse Him of want of wisdom, and regard for the best interests of His creatures. Therefore, in endowing man with this most of all exalted passion—love ; he also provided an object every way worthy of that love, and to all intents and purposes, exactly suited to its nature and development. We have said that woman, physically considered, is the crowning glory of nature's handy-work, but we do not stop here. Her mental constitution deserves equally our notice and high tribute of respect. Has she not, in so far as her opportunities for acquiring knowledge have been equal to man's, boldly and nobly taken her stand, and contended side by side with him, for the crown of intellectual renown ? Nay more, is not her keenness of perception, and instinctive discrimination of the proprieties of life, far superior to those of man ? and therefore in the sphere in which she moves, is calculated to exert greater influence for good, than man. What more responsible, more honorable, more important, or more glorious sphere could have been assigned her, than to inspire and develope in the plastic heart, and susceptible soul of the inquisitive child, the principles, dispositions, and affections of the christian, the patriot and the philanthropist. And the duties of this sphere she performs most efficiently while ministering at the family altar, and presiding at the domestic fire-side. *There* it is she exerts her most intense concentrated influence. And *there* it is she wields a power which is fundamental in all the organic relations of men, and which according to the extent of its prevalence, is far more potent than the power of kings or emperors with their marshalled armies. *There* her dominion is unrivalled, and her *rights are supreme*. Her moral character, stands out so prominent and beautiful before the world, that to attempt to delineate it, would but detract from its worth. Here her character has done for her what all the rhetoric of her advocates never can, and never will. Tell me of the moral degradation of Africa or India. Tell me of the voice of wailing wafted across the seas on every breeze—the cry of millions dying in wretchedness and woe, mingled with the earnest entreaty, “Come over and help us” ; and tell me also, of the churches

asking—"Whom will we send, and who will go for us," and I will tell you of one, who, though the weaker vessel, and by no means constituted, physically, to struggle amid the contending waves of human passions, says, "Here am I, send me." But what shall we say of woman's social character, and its influences. Is she not the cherisher and guardian of our hearth-stone felicities, and the stimulator of our energies.

When our hearts have become almost as frigid as the boreal iceberg, and as callous as the adamant, by contact with the congealing, and indurating sense of selfishness and crime, in the world, we return to the sphere of woman's domain, and there under the radiations of woman's sympathy, and woman's love, our hearts are restored to their former tenderness, and order, and we are humanized again. Oh! if the mother, the wife, the sister, the daughter, were drawn from the hallowed precincts of the family—from this sanctum sanctorum of the great temple of human society, to be exposed to all the impurities and strifes of a corrupt world; what would become of our homes? Their altars would be desecrated: their warm hearts of love would grow cold, and repulsive: their *Shekina* would depart with the mercy seat, and the shrine of the covenant, and of the budding and blossoming olive branch, would all be removed from the polluted sanctuary. No! woman is emphatically, the priestess of society, by all the distinguishing dispositions of her soul, and attributes of her person. The blandness of her eye, the complacency of her countenance, the passivity of her temper, the simplicity of her character, the purity of her affections, and her instinctive keenness of discrimination of the proprieties of life, all point her out as an object, every way, worthy of man's highest regard, and purest affection.

Can, then, woman endowed with all these noble and exalted qualities of body and soul, be too highly valued, or too much loved and admired? Is there, in the love of woman, anything unbecoming the lofty character and dignity of man? Is that sympathy which exists in the heart of the sexes a mere fortuitous quality, or was it placed there by Him whose handy works we are for noble and exalted ends? Is it then a thing to be trifled with, or to be ashamed of? Has it not its own peculiar laws, by which, when directed and controlled, it is not only honorable, noble, and God-like, but also exalts man's nature, and renders him capable of enjoying the companionship of the high order of beings by whom he is surrounded? Not until man thus feels, acknowledges and

acts out the relation in which he stands to woman, will her heart, and the family fire-side, become that inner temple, freed from the intrusions of the angry turmoils of life; from its caustic envies, its biting hatred, its dark suspicions, its vile contaminating corruptions, its hidden snares of destruction, its frequent disappointments and painful solitudes. Never until *then*, will woman's breast be free from the intrusions of this sad catalogue of evils, where we would be privileged to recline our aching head upon a pillow whose magic influence would at once soothe it to rest, and where, in response to kindly accents of love saying "peace, be still," our throbbing hearts would cease their undue agitation. Is not *then* the question "Why Love Her?" thus fully answered? And does not the conclusion say, that it is your own cold, heartless treatment of her, ye, who brand woman with deception, that would compel her to be so, and *not a peculiarly distinguishing characteristic of her sex.*

Φίλος-Καλώς.

ADVERSITY NOT DEFEAT.

Stewart

A GREAT mind cannot be nurtured and expanded in prosperity alone. Monotony is ever prejudicial to growth, and some change is necessary that a full maturity may be attained. Variety is the spice of mental life, or as Johnson would say, the vitality that preserves it from putrefaction. A life of unbroken prosperity, spun out into the cycles of years, cannot but cramp the faculties, retard their growth and development and ultimately bring them into the condition of rusty coppers, which a refined currency discards. And not only the faculties of the mind are injured by such a life, but even the character of the man suffers greatly. It must be granted that a character, which, during the years of its development, meets with no powerful opposition that is calculated to call forth all the resources of the mind in order to combat and overcome it, cannot be a strong character. Far from it. It would be a character for the sunshine, not for the storms of life. In nature the same process produces a gourd. But to mature the Oak there is need of the storms and hurricanes of ages. The Robin flees the storms of winter; but the Eagle sits upon his rocky nest and sends

forth his defiant shriek to the voice of the storm, or soars away with strong wings, while the thunder crashes beneath his feet.

And so a strong character defies adversity. The weak alone are dismayed and driven to despair. Contemplate Jean Paul Richter if you would see a great mind in adversity. "The prisoner's allowance," says he, "is bread and water, but I had only the latter." And then hear this triumphant utterance of a soul, fraught with the holiest spirit of love and confidence! "What is poverty? Who is the man that whines under it? The pain is but as that of piercing the ears of a maiden, and you hang jewels in the wound." And yet amid all the trials of his life, he knew not Defeat. Nay, the voice of his victory will yet be heard the world around. And contemplate Demosthenes among orators, Hadyn among musicians, and the hosts of others of whom History speaks. That long dark road they travelled had an end, oh yes, and that end was what men called "Glory." Why should not the gladiators of this world-arena train themselves for the fight? Why not anoint their broad limbs and give strength to their sinewy arms? It is necessary if they would know success. The tyro cannot expect to gain the end of the veteran. He must first make himself a veteran with powerful spirit throes and physical agonies; and thus learn to withstand the better all future spirit throes and agonies.

The life of the great man cannot be all sunshine. It was this truth that made him great. No May day walk is it through fragrant groves and fields, blooming with violets, and by the brinks of purling streams. Rather, it is a walk of terrors, over plains rocked by earthquakes, through forests rendered fearful by beasts of prey, or by the scorching banks of fiery streams. All Heaven, all pandemonium are his escort!—terrors as well as splendors. A lion-hearted Thalaba must he be, who can ride over enemies more desperate still than the masters of the spell, who dwelt in the Domdaniel caverns under the roots of the ocean. He must expect trials. Long and weary years past before the feet of the Israelites touched the soil of the promised Land. And when they did gain it they were the better prepared to enjoy its "milk and honey." There is too much dross in human Nature. It must be driven out some way, or men can never rise to their true nobility. If Prosperity will not do it, and it never does, then Adversity must. For the spirit, that would clasp the fiery shape of truth and turn away in the embrace all the dross that clogged it, must be purified. No serene opacity can veil its inner sight. And how can the sight be better

strengthened if very weak than by sitting awhile in the darkness? The canary bird sings all the sweeter for being shut up in a dark cage. And thus men are placed for awhile in the dark, that they may catch the nicer harmonies of the celestial music tones, and sing them to their fellows rightly.

But these dark days and years are not days and years of defeat. A Mordecai sitting at the king's gate is nobler far than a Haman supping at the king's table. Indeed so true is it that poets generally rise from what aristocracy is fond of terming the "lower order", that when some such soul, fresh from the gardens of the muses, breaks forth upon the world in dazzling splendor, the public are wont to inquire, "Is he poor"? When Byron first appeared before the world as a poet, it was asked, What does a lord know about poetry? Did he ever starve in a garret? And yet what poet ever suffered Defeat from circumstances alone? Surely Burns did not; Shelly did not; and he who wrote for his epitaph, "here lies one whose name was writ in water" did not. Byron, with his gigantic failure of a life, cannot set up such a plea. No, no, it was something else deeper and more vital. Not his outward but his inward misfortunes were the causes of his failure. And it is so with all. Seldom is a life morally wrecked but the cause lies in some internal mal-arrangement, some want less of good fortune than of good guidance. No character exists without strength sufficient for all its purposes, and if this strength is cultivated, external circumstances never can bring a man to the dust. Although he may be obliged to clutch convulsively at the iron talons of want, lest they may enter his soul, and to fight with the scorn of the world lest it may crush his self respect, yet when the danger is past and the victory won, how glorious is the feeling of assurance that swells his soul! No warrior contemplates with more pleasure the scenes of his triumphs, than does he when the tide of the past sweeps back upon his soul. And that heroism which has led even death captive, and which has shed such an immortal halo around the martyr's stake, even that is the legitimate result of a proper cultivation of soul and character, and while differing among men in degree still remains the same in kind. And so essential is it to

success, that without it no man in any scene or time has ever attained to be great.

Hence it is that adversity is not defeat. The soldier who dies before the battle is done knows not its fate. And even he who dies in the hour of defeat to ward it off, is verily a noble conqueror. It is wisely ordered by Providence that the soul may draw light from darkness and span the heavens of futurity with a glorious bow of Hope. And by virtue of Faith and Patience, may see the dark night pass away and rejoice in the glories of a cloudless day.

"Some rain in the cup of each must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary."

SHUID.

POEMS: BY "ARCHIMIDES."

"The world is full of glorious likenesses,
The poet's power is to sort out these,
And to make music from the common strings
With which the world is strung."

THE gigantic strides with which the world is advancing so rapidly,—*asymptotally*, ne'ertheless—toward the great utopian climacteric of mental perfection, and universal knowledge, too often unfeelingly oppress and crush those susceptible natures, that, too timid and retiring to mingle with, and buffet their way along through the progressing throng, linger by the way side, waiting for some benignant smile, some helping hand. Too often does genius wither away like a frost-blighted violet, for want of tender care and shelter. Think of the miraculous boy Chatterton, of the starving Otway, of aspen-nerved Keats. Ungrateful world! Ever reaping the golden harvest that thou hast not sown. Peanizing those whom death hath granted a passport to thy favor, thou ever continuest to pass by unheeding, living, flowery genius, that might be made to bloom gloriously in thy midst, and bear a noble fruit for all the future.

Thus has it been in a great measure with the poet whose "nom de plume" is displayed at the head of this article. Whilst our critics were engaged in culling rich bouquets of extravagant laudation for that most metaphorical of Smiths, beneath the cloistered obscurity of this venerated temple of learning, was blooming, unseen and unnoticed, in all the rich luxuriance of natural genius, a young yet most gifted poet. Nassau! thou from whose full breast we have sucked the choicest sweets of learning; thou, oh beloved Alma Mater! *must* feel thy heart swell with honest pride, that, at last, among the children of thy adoption, one is found who can sit with easy air and ready spur upon the wild Pegasus! And— but, by the goosequill of stout Sam Johnson, our feelings have been leading us astray. We present ourselves before the public on this occasion in a placid mood, yet firmly determined here to stand with folded arm and lip compressed, until we see strict justice meted out. We are no panegyrists, but "speak the words of truth and soberness." Having now gone through Whately's requisites for an introduction, we plunge "in medias res"; opening to the title page, the manuscript before us. It reads

POEMS: BY ARCHIMIDES.

The imaginative reader might perhaps think that in the long series of metempsychosial translations the psychal part of the great Syracusan had finally made itself manifest, and emphatically "turned up" in the high-souled poet of Nassau, whose "*σεναεσποερα*" have been the admiration of all their readers. But such fantasies are dispelled when we confidently assert that "Archimides" is a "nom-de-plume" which our poet has assumed, and that, according to the Spanish acceptation, he is undoubtedly in two senses, an "*Hidalgo*." Time and space limiting us to the consideration of but a single poem of this collection, we fix upon one entitled "An Unfortunate Man"; both because it seems to embody most of the peculiarities of style and thought characteristic of our poet, and also seems particularly fraught with rich and glowing beauties. We think we can discover in the character of these Archimedean poems a great similarity to the Lyrical productions of the bard of Rydal Mount. In the

titles, especially, which they give their pieces, and the plain narrative that prevails, we find a mutual antipathy to the romantic and ideal superlative. Both are as severely plain as a Doric temple. The author of the "Unfortunate Man" will be placed in our library upon the same shelf with the author of "Peter Bell."

The poem of the Unfortunate Man, must evidently be considered a spiritual revelation—not that Archimides has been drawing from the full fountains of those ghostly great ones who people Elyseum—but that it is written as if it were the "sub-soil" communication of the experience of some individual by means of a deal board table. For, in the last verse, the hero represents himself as *dead* from disappointment and chagrin. This species of poetic license may be deemed by some readers, a fault, but it is at any rate amply redeemed by the multitudinous array of beauties that cluster about the whole composition.

The poem plunges immediately into intense action, without preliminary,

"Three long years I spent in Rome,
Then turned I to my old home,
To continue all my life,
And take Dinah for my wife."

All the pleasureable enticements of the eternal city could not destroy his longing for his "*old home*," or the vivid remembrance of the fair Dinah whom he transformed into Mistress Archimides. But bliss is denied to mortals:

"But my love began to cease,
So I took a trip to Greece."

Two great truths are embodied in these beautiful lines; the fickleness and infidelity of woman; and the fact that domestic difficulties are the principal cause of man's rambling disposition. Mark the alliteration in the words italicised. It is inimitable. He found speedy solace in

"A lady fair,
With bright eyes and curly hair."

In what might be denominated *suggestive* description we consider our author second to no poet of modern times. How vividly his

brief, forcible words call up into our minds the image he is desirous of embodying. In this respect he especially resembles Homer, who excepting by such adjective phrases, never descends to description. His women are all "azure-eyed", "golden-haired", "deep-bosomed", or "well-turned-as-to-their-white-knees"; his men "swift-footed", his ships "hollow" or "black", &c. The hero of the poem seems to have been very successful in winning the smiles of the fair ones whom he encountered, but at the same time very unfortunate in retaining them. His first wife drove him to seek a divorce; (as is evident from his now being on the eve of another marriage), and just as he was contemplating his prospects of unmitigated happiness, and preparing to bear his newly-wedded bride to his native Jersey, a sad calamity befel him. He explains it, and unburthens his pent-up feelings in the following:

"But my love proved untrue,
And I thought it would not do."

This last line is most admirably effective in metre, as expressing a mental conflict between ardent love and high-toned honor. But we are forgetful of time and space, led away by our admiration of this wonderful performance. We will hurry to a close. He returns home, but like Noah's dove, finds no rest for the sole of his foot. "I then took a trip to Spain", continues he,

"A handsome lady to seek,
With black eyes and rosy cheek."

In this quest he was unsuccessful for some time,

"Until at last I died."

And here is epitaph and eulogy enough. Surely a great poet is amongst us. The metrical arrangement of the poem is very fine. We do not know of an American poet who is superior to our author in this respect, unless it be K. N. Pepper, Esqr., or, possibly, the *zero-dictical** (to coin a word) bard of the Nassau Lit. The first verse,

"Three long years I spent in Rome"

Is inimitable. The molossus with which the line begins slowly

* And, did we not fear a repetition of the frightful case of poor John Keats, we might be tempted to add "*cypher-capital*", G. G. jr.

and tediously, gives an accurate expression of duration, and the two succeeding iambs admirably throw the stress upon the word that characterizes the sense. We could write a volume almost upon the metrical beauties of this single piece, but must at present confine ourselves to a single verse more,

"And her to Jersey to carry,"

Giving the most exact expression of rhythmico-representative motion that we ever encountered anywhere.

The combination of an anti-bacchic with a dactyle and a choree, as exemplified in this verse, is, we believe, without precedent in the annals of prosody, and places Archimides on the same platform with Sappho, with the inventor of the Horatian stanza, and with the author of *Don Juan*. Again we say with increased conviction, of a surety there is a great poet among us, a mighty bard in our midst!

G. GILFILLAN, JR.

A LA DAME A VOILE NOIRE.

As Night the rosy-bosomed hills enfolding,
Softens their tracery in his weird embrace,
So more ethereal grew the matchless moulding
Of thy pure earnest spiritual face,
Most pensive maid,
Beneath the shade
Of that strange veil of melancholy lace.

Art thou an abbess gliding from the chancel,
Where Eloisa poured her soul and prayed,
Unshrouded and revived to cancel
Some debt of christian charity unpaid,
In years agoe,
When the midnight tone,
Of Death's cold angel made thy heart afraid?

Or art thou but a type of Death's own essence,
Uncarthy beauty whose dark borderings
Turn men's hearts chill with horror at his presence,

And make them slaves who timely shall be kings?
But if a Heavenly gale
Lifts up the veil,
Straightway they're ravished with Death's inner things.

Perchance thou art a beautiful temptation,
Some mystic bodiment of deadly sin,
Like her who in the veil of consecration
Mixed with the orisons of Capuchin;
Him nightly wooing
To his undoing,
Till to his lost soul Satan entered in.

Thou art too beautiful—I'll look no longer,
For be thou woman, phantasy, or sprite,
A spell is coming over me that's stronger
Than silence in the watches of the night;
For good or evil,
From saint or devil,
I dare not lift my eyes to read aright.

HAMILTON'S PHILOSOPHY.

The confidence reposed in Sir William Hamilton as the expositor of the Philosophy of Common Sense, ought, as it seems, to awaken a more critical investigation of his Philosophy with reference to that of Reid and Stewart, and also to the test of truth to which they all pretend to submit. The estimation which his edition of Reid has obtained certainly calls for this; and his contradictions of Reid induce a suspicion that something, in one or the other, is radically wrong. But nearly all, as it appears, accept the corrections and additions of Hamilton as the genuine Philosophy of common sense. Many of them are undoubtedly true, but some, whether true or false, are well calculated to excite a little the usually quiet nerves of the good old gentlemen whose grand maxim, in Metaphysics as well as in matters of experience, is to keep out of deep water; and who, though willing enough to follow you through some muddy little duck-pond, never ven-

ture to swim where one foot and leg cannot serve for lead and line to sound their depth. The first matter which demands attention is the meaning of the term Common Sense, and the argument therefrom. With Reid and his successors it undoubtedly meant little more than mere animal instinct with an appendix added thereto, consisting of the intuitions of the Moral Faculty. Reason so far as it is discursive, must be left out altogether; and hence, the authority of those instincts or natural dispositions being paramount to all other, all phenomena, whether internal or external, having the sanction of such authority, must be excluded, as far as their absolute truth is concerned, from the operations of the Reason. Consequently every conclusion of the Reason, which contradicts these, must be false. We have an instance of such contradiction in the question: Which revolves around the other, the earth or the sun? Before Copernicus it was a general belief of mankind that the sun revolved around the earth, and now on the contrary we believe that the earth is the body which revolves. Which, then, is the doctrine of Common Sense, for both are not, since it is not allowable to suppose that Common Sense is really changeable? The first is intuitive, the second discursive; hence the first must be true, or the phenomenon excluded from Common Sense altogether. Which of these alternatives is true, the Common Sense Philosopher is bound to show, and also to reconcile the contradiction. The explanation which has been given is this: We perceive only a relative change of place between the earth and sun, and that the motion is in the sun, is a "rash judgment" of the understanding. But the question is not whether the judgment be rash or mature, but whether it be a judgment of Common Sense or the discursive Reason. By placing it in the understanding then, the difficulty is not avoided; for the same grounds which prove this a rash judgment, also prove the judgment that the sun, or any other material object, exists, to be rash, and, consequently, liable in the same way to be invalidated. Too much, therefore, is proved; and we must still believe that the sun revolves, in spite of Dr. Alexander's sixteen proofs of the contrary. Much confusion in the works of Reid and Stewart is undoubtedly due

to the want of an accurate analysis of Sense-perceptions, and a discrimination of what belongs exclusively to sense from what belongs exclusively to the understanding. Such an analysis was made by Kant, and through Hamilton has had a wide influence on the Scotch Philosophy. And, in fact, we must look in Kant for the cause of the most of the changes made by Hamilton, and especially of his attempt to make the Philosophy of his predecessors a science, by identifying Common Sense with consciousness. He defines the argument thus: "To argue from common sense is simply to show that the denial of a given proposition would involve the denial of some original datum of consciousness." The point of dispute, then, is what is given in consciousness. Both Idealist and Realist affirm the consciousness of something different from *self*, and also the existence of all that we actually perceive; but the Realist goes farther than this, and affirms that we are conscious of something more than we actually perceive, of substance itself. The Idealist believes the conception of substance to be *a priori*, and as such, a necessary form under which the phenomena of sense must be thought; hence we cannot say that substance is a property of things in themselves, nor even that any such thing as substance in itself exists; we can only say that it has objective reality for us. The Idealists do not, as is generally supposed, deny the existence of what we perceive; and hence the ridiculous arguments brought against them by the Realists. One of these arguments originated by Reid and repeated by Stewart and their successors down as far as January, 1855, reads, in its latest form, thus: "A Berkeley and a Fichte will show that they consider matter something more than an idea when they see a stiletto entering their bosoms—a Hume and a Brown, that they believe causes have a real power to produce effects, when they flee from a burning house." It seems rather incredible that such men should have understood neither Idealism nor Skepticism (in the hands of Hume); but, nevertheless, such is the fact. Their argument rests on the supposition, that, while we deny the existence of matter, we affirm the existence of our bodies as matter in the very same sense in which we have just denied its existence. A more abused argument than this

would be hard to conceive. "If a man," says Carlyle speaking of this argument, "corporeally taken, is but a phantasm and spectrum himself, all this will ultimately amount to much the same as it did before. Yet herein lies Dr. Reid's grand triumph over the Skeptics; which is as good as no triumph whatever," Another objection to Idealism, arising from want of a correct analysis of Sense-perceptions, is expressed, by the Philosopher quoted above, thus: "It was by arraigning sense-perceptions at the bar of reason, so called, that Kant and Coleridge after him, came to the conclusion that the things which we envisage are not that in themselves for which we take them." The Realists in their eagerness to substantiate the authority of sense, are led to attribute more to sense than really belongs to it. Sense, considered in itself, takes cognizance of nothing but qualities, and of them merely as affections of our organism; these affections, in order to be thought, must be brought under the form, or *a priori* conceptions, of the understanding, among which conceptions we find that of substance. Now by the combination of the conception of substance with the affections of sense, which also must stand under the *a priori* or necessary forms of sense, space and time, we have the conception of a material object. But it is not the sense-element which Kant arraigns before the reason; he arraigns, or rather investigates (arraign conveys an improper idea of the case,) the reason itself, taking for granted that the reason is competent thus to investigate its own laws, and determine their extent and objective validity. It was this, and not the arraignment of the sense that led Kant to the conclusion that "the things which we envisage are not that in themselves for which we take them."

Hamilton, to whom the merit of understanding others, at least, cannot be denied, has kept clear of all such mistakes and tom-fooleries. Not only in this, but in his mode of thinking also, he is altogether different from his predecessors, with them, besides the name of Realist, he has scarcely anything in common. In their theories of Perception at least, we should suppose that they would agree; but here they are directly opposite. Reid's theory of perception, as far as vision is concerned, is that

we perceive, immediately, external objects not in contact with the organism; Hamilton's, on the contrary, that we perceive nothing but the affections of the organism, and we are conscious of the existence of an external world only "in the consciousness of our locomotive energy being resisted." Whichever theory be true, Reid's is certainly taught by Common Sense in the signification in which he employed the term; but a doubt might arise with regard to Hamilton's, whether it is consistent with his own definition of Common Sense. If we be conscious of the existence of an external world at all, we can be conscious of it only as we know it to be something distinct from us, situated in another portion of space. But Vision is the only sense by which we can so perceive an object; hence, if in vision we are conscious of nothing but an affection of our organism, we can never know anything external. Our belief in the existence of an external world, by the theory of Hamilton, rests on a weaker foundation than with the Idealists; with them it follows necessarily from the constitution of the mind, but Hamilton makes it an acquisition of experience. In his theory of Perception, Hamilton's Idealistic tendency is clearly discernible; but it is still more so in his Philosophy of the Conditioned. To those who are accustomed to consider a term in all its bearings and relations, it will readily appear that a Philosophy of the Conditioned is, in effect, a Transcendental Philosophy. We need not be surprised then to find Hamilton affirming the following doctrines, identical with those of Kant: "Of things absolutely or in themselves, be they external, be they internal, we know nothing, or know them only as incognizable; and we become aware of their incomprehensible existence, only as this is indirectly and accidentally revealed to us, through certain qualities related to our faculties of knowledge, and which qualities, again, we cannot think as unconditioned, irrelative, existent in and of themselves. All that we know is therefore phenomenal,—phenomenal of the unknown." Anything more Kantian than this, it would be difficult to find except in the writings of Kant himself. All who consider Transcendental Philosophy a mass of chimeras and absurdities, would do well to examine this part of Hamilton's Philosophy. Common Sense, if

it teaches us all this, has certainly made some huge strides since the time of Reid. Kant is undoubtedly the source whence much that is peculiar in Hamilton was derived, and that without Kant would probably have never existed. The attempt of Hamilton seems to have been to construct a philosophical system on the foundation laid by Reid; but finding this foundation incapable of supporting it, he constructed it on another, and called both by the same name. Whether this system is consistent with itself admits of serious doubt, as indeed every eclectic system must; but as regards the truth of its doctrines, if there is any such thing as truth, they undoubtedly come very near demonstration.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

THE past is finished and gone. More than fifty generation of men have now passed from off the battle field of life, since the coming of our Saviour into the world. That event was the first one that had any real and permanent effect towards the restoration of man to his primitive estate. And really it seemed, as it were, a cheerful ray of sunshine, that had from Heaven's throne shot down, through the gloom of that long night, ushered in amid the groans and lamentations of man, when driven out from Eden's happy bloom, and in very truth appeared to breathe into the soul a pleasing foretaste of Paradise Regained. The genius of darkness hitherto had spread its gloomy wings over a people enthralled in ignorance. Immorality and vice had reigned triumphant among the souls of men; and tyrannical assumption desecrated, all homage to nature's God. Liberty was never dreamed of, Idols filled the pitiable land, and to worship aught else was but to insure the victim's death. All was despondency; but look! for when that eastern star arose to gild the nocturnal sky with its joyous light, and proclaim unto the world the advent of "the Prince of Peace," then once more was hope aroused within the breasts of "poor and suffering humanity." Vandal-

ism began to assume a milder form and soon an entire renovation of principles was seen to break forth upon the new horizon. Ever since that eventful period, the world has still been moving onward; at one time enjoying the glorious privileges of peace and happiness, and at another groaning beneath the mighty convulsions of conflicting passions. Revolution has succeeded revolution; an age of quiescence, an age of bloodshed and murder. At one moment 'twould appear, that the glorious banner of the Cross, would be forever hidden from mortal gaze; and the goddess of freedom, no longer an object of adoration, was impiously threatened to be hurled from her sacred shrine, and sunk forever in the howling den of tyranny and imposition; and yet all it seems, as if guided by some power from on high, has contributed some little in its turn to the advancement of truth and the melioration of man. Yes even so it is, man is destined to rise higher and yet higher still upon the scale of intellectual improvement; nor will the increase of knowledge and the diffusion of truth be confined within the narrow limits of any section, part or even hemisphere on the globe. No indeed the whole world rather is destined to become revolutionized and to flock with one common spirit around the glorious banner of freedom. You or I, dear reader, may not live to see it, yet our descendants will. The name of liberty is universally dear, and the meanest serf even, were the opportunity afforded him, would grasp at it with the eagerness of a famished vulture. It now needs but some bold adventurous one, some one with the resolute and determined spirit of a Bonaparte or an Alexander to set the whole world in motion. But breathe scarcely to the oppressed millions of Europe and elsewhere the hope of ultimate freedom, and you would see at once kindling within their eyes a burning fire sufficient to annihilate forever, all the crowned heads in existence, to rend in twain the galling chain of tyranny, that has so long crushed poor man to earth, and level despotism with the dust. No one can look now to the scenes of strife and bloodshed in the East, and not become impressed with the main and leading fact, that it will all eventuate in some great, moral, social and political revolution. Three of the most powerful kingdoms on earth are now contend-

ing for supremacy in dire combat, and a most singular coincidence it would be, if none of them should lose their sceptres. Bold indeed must that man be who would presume to say where the rude hand of battle shall be stayed. None, none can tell where the bloody drama is to end. That latent spirit which like a sleeping lion in his lair, now lies passive and at rest, may yet become exasperated, by defeat following defeat, outrage again on outrage, and blown into seven fold fury, hurl with devastating vengeance its countless hordes upon all western and southern Europe. The plains that now boast of a Marathon and a Leuctra may again be the scenes of a still more dreadful and savage warfare. The lofty Alps once crossed by the mighty Hannibal, may again be ascended by the haughty Czar, and her snow clad tops yet be stained with human gore. Nor will it stop here. The blinded spirit of ambition once kindled within the soul, will drive its victim on to seek more food still for its rapacious maw. The shrieks of widows and the wail of orphans, may yet be heard to echo along the fertile hills of France, and the wild shout of death and murder, yet rend the midnight air. The merciless knife of the barbarian, reeking with the life blood of its victim, may yet consign many, many a soul to its last long home. The throes, however that at present agitate the old world, may perhaps soon subside into an amicable adjustment; and yet they will not pass away without leaving their impress behind them. Its influences will everywhere be felt as beneficial to Religion, and one grand step to the renovation of mankind. No matter what one of the contestants be triumphant. We have every reason to expect in either crisis, a great moral change. To believe that He who orders all things for the best, will also overrule this to be one step more to the arrival of that blessed period, so delightful to the contemplation of every true philanthropist, when all shall be brought indiscriminately within the jurisdiction of free and religious liberty. When "peace and good will" shall reign among men, and Earth and Heaven, Mountains, Seas, Suns, Moons and Stars, bright orators of the night, with all the rest of Nature's choir, shall join in with one loud grand shout, and proclaim to man the glad and the joyful news,

The Millennium has Come.

CHIVALRY.

IN former times, and less enlightened days, power was considered law, the sword the instrument of execution. On their rough minds humanity had but little influence, and strength seemed the criterion of virtue. The impression that might was right held sway over their feelings, and stifled more peaceful desires. 'Tis true that master minds had long since seen the imposition, and tried in vain to correct the false idea. And foremost of them all, he who in his youth sculptured marble that men might be remembered; but in his age the hearts of men for eternity, had interposed his mighty power to raise them from their low condition. But he soon died, proving himself still a Socrates: and left them still barbarians. Need we turn to history to prove the sword in their idea, of greater moment than the ploughshare? We find it stamped upon her pages in too dark colors to permit us to mistake it, this is but the copy, we must imagine the original. Do we seek example? Destroyed cities, act too plainly as milestones on that broad highway of ages, to show the spirit of their age. Will poetry enlighten us? Blind Homer sang heroic deeds, and fallen Troy, centuries ago.

"Men in their march toward civilization, strip one after another of the glories of the world of their bright colors, and give but the value their utility entitles them." Let chivalry be stripped. Let us lay aside the battle, the victory, let us take away the praise, the honor, and she stands forth stripped of all her glories, and as we examine some new fault will rise and lessen her utility. Her hateful qualities now stand forth, and each seems deserving of the foremost place. Without the bright colors thrown around her by the pencil of an enthusiast, or the literature from the imagination only, how miserable does she appear. The glory of battles, and the praises of knights, have dwindled down to barbarity and inhumanity. What effect have heroic songs, or stirring lays, except to waken up enthusiasm in our minds, and drown the rising feelings of pity and compassion? In the long strides of chivalry for power and extension, the question of right has been but little examined into, and justice has been lightly

touched. She is that mighty power which stalks the world, dealing destruction to all in turn. She marks the distinction between refinement and barbarity ; she shows the difference between the strength of arms, and the force of mind. Man when unenlightened knows how to gain his point only by arms, but as civilization dispels the darkness he turns the strength of body, to the force of mind, and rules his enemies with far the mightier power.

The object of any contest, must always exercise the greatest influence upon those then engaged in it ; and upon public opinion hereafter. While we applaud a Tell, we curse a Caesar. Greece in former days had a Leonidas, who for his country only fought and died. France in later times a Bonaparte who battled not for his kingdom, but for its crown. The one hemmed in a narrow pass by enemies, drew his sword and bravely perished. The other hemmed in on a rocky island by elements instead of men, in his forgetfulness draws his sword too, but now his feet are chained. Not being marked with the same horrid features, the same insatiable ambition, while chivalry made a patriot of one, it rendered a tyrant the other.

She allays with willing hand the reproofs of conscience, with a promise of military glory, and subdues our better feelings, with a hope of gain. Man's nobler nature seems to be subdued, his worse to have the mastery. Can we taint our honor with so foul a stain, for the sake of military glory ? Can we permit the animal, to so far gain the mastery over the intellectual, for the love of gain ? We in vain attempt to quiet our conscience by concealing the causes, by perverting the objects of a war, and it is no new thing to fight for power, under a different name. Has but one Cromwell grasped the sceptre of the Stuarts, and worn the crown of England, under the name of liberty ? Has but one Attila, drenched Europe with human blood, as a scourge from God ? Has the curtain been but once lifted with the sword, and the bloody drama of the world performed, upon invented causes ?

But the glory of Chivalry has almost all departed. The flame that lit all Europe, which the crusades fired, and France and England kept alive ; has burnt down to a flickering flame, and may it be far from us to add new fuel, or rekindle that fire, which destroys and desolates at every step.

H.

SUPERSTITION.

SUPERSTITION has always exercised a great influence upon society. Whether exerted upon nations or upon individuals, its effects have been marked in characters too strong to be mistaken. Productive, perhaps, of more human misery than any other cause, it has always been blended with the long story of man's sorrows, and may even head the sad catalogue of a world's woes. The ruthless power of its sway, and the cruelty of its bondage have been learned by sad experience, and not a few once mighty nations, could point to it as the author of all their sins and sufferings. Its polluting presence has blighted the fairest portions of our earth, all that is good and beautiful has withered beneath its touch, while the toils and ills that have beset the life of many an unhappy mortal, might all be traced to its hurtful influence. And why should superstition be so great a curse, why so vindictive a tyrant? Because it is a tyrant that enslaves the mind, a tyrant that trammels the soul, and binds its noblest powers with the most galling of all chains. Superstition is a sort of moral Medusa that petrifies the finest sensibilities of our nature, it soon blunts the keen edge of all our better feelings, and congeals those rills of love and mercy that sometimes trickle through man's hard and stony heart: while it cancels the purest relations of life, eradicates the deepest-rooted affections, and drowns all thoughts of happiness in a sea of imaginary troubles. Our journey through life is sad enough; then, why should we make it more so by conjuring up griefs, that are unseen by any save ourselves? A kind and beneficent Creator never designed that his creatures should pierce the dark veil, that hides the future, and discover woe and misery beyond. None of us can be always happy: there are bitter moments enough in each one's life without that agony of suspense, in which the victim of superstition must always live. A beautiful world was designed for our enjoyment. Its fair features appeal directly to our hearts, and if we behold them with the eye of faith, must increase our peace and happiness. Why, then, should we hear in nature's voice some augury of an unhappy future? should the wild-bird's song,

or the working of nature's laws presage some untimely end? should we read our doom written upon her fair face, while we forget that "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof"? Man's unimagined woes are hard enough to bear, without placing thorns in life's rugged pathway, where so few flowers bloom at best, and which for the happiest of us all, leads through "a vale of tears." But superstition is still exerting its baneful influence upon society. Its voice is still heard amid the shrieks of heathen orgies, and its poisoning truth is still seen on the bowed frame of the self-tortured devotee, and in the low dégradation of the Hindoo. Sad truths tell us that man still bends beneath this tyrant. Ah! who can sum up the misery that superstition still entails upon humanity, even in this day of light and progress—who can trace all its workings in the great heart of society or count the fears and tremblings, with which it is embittering full many an unhappy life. The misguided pilgrim still drags his weary way across the burning desert, and the life-blood of too faithful disciples is still still spilt at its shrine. It even burns like a blush of shame upon the Indian's dusky cheek, changing his very human nature, and rendering his heart as hard as the rocky barriers that surround him. He deems it a work of love to be cruel, exults in the writhings of a tortured enemy, and worships a goddess of mercy all decked with the bloody scalp-locks of his foe. How, then, shall man be freed from this moral tyrant? There is but one way, and one only. Let him believe that knowledge is power, and that in its pursuit lies his truest happiness: let the bright beams of intelligence enlighten his dark mind, and pierce the gloom of ignorance that has so long enveloped him. Let him believe the good book, and experience the truth of its maxim, that "wisdom is the principal thing." Society owes everything to the influence of the bible, and superstition is fast yielding to that gallant warrior, upon whose banner is inscribed "a soldier of the cross." A new light must dawn upon mankind: the great heart of society must throb with a heaven-supported vigor, and send the life-blood of knowledge through the arteries of the whole world. We must cherish the tree of knowledge that is growing up in our midst, water it with the tears of repentance for what

is past, and take a noble pride in supporting and defending it for the future. Let it extend the strong arms of its protection over us all, for then we may rest assured that superstition will lose its influence upon society.

VERITAS.

SOPHOMORIC LITERATURE.

Suryca

There is hardly anything which furnishes such a prolific source of amusement to the curious, as the examination of Sophomoric literature. This genus *Literarum* is by no means confined to that honorable body of Collegians, from which it derives its name. The newly-fledged junior and full-feathered senior are equally noted for productions properly comprehended under this species, and sometimes its well known features are discernible on the rostrum and at the bar. Let us examine a specimen. In every composition we naturally expect to discover a design which will appear prominent throughout the whole—some subject investigated, position fortified, or point illustrated. But our author gives us not the least clue by which to ascertain the subject, except, perhaps, the title, and in all probability the article was begun, continued, and completed before that was thought of. He begins with the sagest conclusions, and soundest axioms. His hearer is vastly enlightened by the astonishing discoveries, that, "man is a social being," he is "endowed with reasoning faculties," "knowledge is power," "the proper study of mankind is man," "this is a world of change," and "ambition is the ruling principle in the human breast." He has arrived at these important truths by taking the wings of his imagination in search of originality, but like the feeble bird that attempts to fly against the gale, he was borne rapidly back into antiquity, and is astonished to find that his views coincide exactly with those of his predecessors, the ancients.

But plain, matter of fact subjects like these are not to confine his powers, he modulates into the *fanciful*. He paints the

"beauties of nature," "the rising sun leaving his saffron bed," "the glories of the moon," and the "stars studding the azure sky." He sings of the "pearly dew," the "blooming flowers," the "running brooks," and "warbling birds." Carried on by the flow of eloquence, he merges into the *sentimental*. He calls upon us to "take the wings of memory" and "live again the happy hours of bye gone days," to "revisit the home of our childhood," the "field where we sported," the "little red school house," and the "tree under whose shade we first whispered our vows of love." Now he softens to the pathetic, and tells of "unkept vows and broken hearts," the "trials and sorrows of earth," the "brittle thread of life," and "the bitterness of disappointments and despair." But like the skillful musician he abruptly changes his key, and launches upon the sublime. He follows the "youthful aspirant up the rugged hill of science," and "engraves his name high on the roll of fame." He never fails to extol the "genius of Shakspeare, the prowess of Napoleon, the productions of Milton, the patriotism of Washington, the eloquence of Webster, the statesmanship of Clay; to which he generally adds a few ideas, by way of cadence, on the "ingratitude of republics." He carries us "down the vista of ages," rehearses the "history of the past," wanders through the "ruins of ancient cities," peeps into the archives of "Greece and Rome; the republics of the old world." He lifts the "veil of futurity," and discloses the "destiny of nations," the "fate of kings," the "triumph of liberty," the "achievements of science," and the "millions yet unborn." Now we are launched upon the "stream of time," and as we "float gently down," he interests us by pointing out on either side the "temple of fame," with its "niches filled with honored busts," the "grave of ambition," the "ruins of cherished hopes," the "wrecks of fortunes," the "remains of empires" left by the "plastic hand of time," and having overtaken and passed the good ship of state," still as sound as ever, he shows us the "tree of knowledge," the "fountain of truth," the "stars of our nation's glory," the "galaxy of waving trees," the "flower born to blush unseen, and waste its sweetness on the desert air," and finally lands us safely in "that bourne from whence no traveller returns."

All the way in which we have been led, has been strewed with flowers promiscuously and with profusion thrown around—and upon viewing it complete and as a whole, it represents the appearance of that garment, the cloth of which was figured and embroidered before it was cut. And now, since we have scanned a specimen of this kind of literature, what shall we denominate it. Simply a rhetorical circumlocution to represent that which in mathematics we express by one character—NOTHING.

EPIGRAM ON A YOUNG LADY WITH RED CURLS.

All thy curls are winding stairs,
Where my passion nobly dares,
To mount higher still and higher,
Though the staircase be on fire.

Editor's Table.

DEAR READER:—

Custom says, on retiring from thy Editorial Sanctum, make a most gracious bow—apologise at great length for all imperfections—and show particularly thy inability to execute creditably thy task. We flatter ourselves that we have the highest respect imaginable for old Land Marks; but we beg leave to deviate somewhat from the course pursued by the long line of departed worthies.

Our duties as editor of the Nassau Literary Magazine, are now completed. Without attempting to discuss any of its contents, or apologize for any of its defects, we place it before you to be judged of as you see fit. If our offspring has any merits, why well and good, we shall be exceeding glad to hear of them. But as to its defects. We expect as we undoubtedly deserve to be criticised, and will feel wonderfully slighted if we are not touched by some . . .

“Bold Longinus! Who, zealous in his trust,
With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just.”

Reader, we feel as happy as the little urchins do when the school-master is on a grand jury. The remainder of our college course will be a sunny holiday in comparison with what the last two weeks have been. This walking dignifiedly into the Sanctum, and learning in the school of hard times to be an editor is not what it is cracked up to be. Probably some ambitious Soph or Fresh will presume to differ with us on this point. But we (having had the extreme pleasure of being a Freshman once), are enabled to speak from experience. Well do we remember our feelings, when first introduced to an Editor, if it would not have been for our “gun powder propensity,” we should certainly have doffed our hat in his presence. He was pointed out to us as the fortunate man, who had “climbed Fame’s ladder so high, that from round at the top he could step into—” the middle of next week. And was only postponing the time of his departure for those more genial climes, until he could collect sufficient of the needful to pay his passage as dead weight, and still have a respectable supply of “pocket-money.”

Such was the Editor, and such was our respect for him; that before he had half done his dunning sentence, we heard our two big silver dollars rattling in his pocket. The ghosts of the departed “shiners” figured pretty conspicuously in the freshman’s dreams for weeks afterwards. But the ambition to become acquainted with *the great men* of the age, soon put conscience into a doze.

How changed the scene now is. Four years have almost past—the reality now “stands (like the old *tardy* clock in the cupola) face front.” With what horror will we in future recall to our minds the sleepless nights, the racked brain, the weakened eyes, the disappointments, troubles and sufferings, which we endured while in this our first and last editorial sanctum. The very walls although hardened by ill usage are weeping as it were tears of sorrow for us. “Thanks courteous wall,” it is well that there is some one to sympathize with us. But let us to the point, and take a peep at what our correspondents have to say. Here they are! a hat full of letters which we have been carrying in our pockets ever since the 15th, a curious coincidence too, that they should all come on that day,—probably they are intended as valentines. Let us examine them more minutely than we have as yet done. The first that we see, is a pretty little billet containing a — something entitled “A New Years Greeting to your Editor-ship,” also a fresh plucked flower. What! is it possible that there is any one so weak, (*optically*) as to be smitten by an Editor, notwithstanding his uncouthness? No! no, far from it, on the contrary quite the reverse. We see through it all, some one is endeavoring to sell us. The writing itself gives strong indications that some clumsy, cramped and lubberly fist has been at work. We assure our correspondent, whether He, She or It, as a source of consolation, that this is not the first rose that has wasted its sweetness on the desert air.

The next in order is an epistle, (postage not paid), purporting to come from “Un-earthly.” After perpetrating the most disgraceful puns imaginable—he closes up by expressing in most decided terms his disgust for the human race generally. He throws with desperate vigor his scurrilous darts at the ghost of Sir Isaac Newton. Blaming the immortal philosopher for discovering the Laws of Gravitation, thus binding such precocious beings as himself (“unearthly”) to this vile earth, and shutting out all hopes of ever reaching those happier spheres. What a soft fool “unearthly” must be, he talks just as if Newton created gravitation. We are surprised that the atmospheric pressure of fifteen pounds to the square inch has not long since forced him clear down to — China.

The next is a letter of no small consequence. It informs us that we have been *unanimously* elected a member of the Mutual Admiration Society. What shall be our reply? We suppose it must of necessity be something *admirable*. Well here it is reader just as it will be given to them. Gentlemen (only two members) of the M. A. Sox, our heart and hand palpitates “never so little” in expressing our sincere thanks for the *admirable* honor which you have thus *admirably* conferred upon us *unadmired*. May your *numbers* never grow less.

The next document before us contains some very valuable information concerning the recent discovery of Perpetual Motion. We flatter ourselves that we are pretty well posted up on this subject, nevertheless we return our sincere thanks. Yes! many thanks for the information. This is still another link added to the *long latent and mystery wrapt chain*.

Only one more dear reader, and then we close. It is a long and spiey piece of Poetry. Entirely too long and soft to find room in our columns.

The author takes to its fullest extent the poetic license. We advise this youthful to launch his little barque and sail forth back foremost into the ocean of life. We beg of him not to face the storm; lest the tears which Heaven will weep on the occasion of his debut, will be transformed into burnt bricks ready to cover him in the cave of merited oblivion.

Our labors are now ended. We retire with the consciousness that we have modestly endeavored to maintain the editorial dignity, if success crowns our endeavors, it will be more than we have any reason to expect.

We gladly hand over the "papers" to our successor. May he succeed better and have less trouble than we have had.

The Editors for November and December have been unavoidably prevented from issuing their numbers as yet, but expect to be able to satisfy their inquiring friends in a short time.

EDITOR.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

We are grateful to our friends for their favors. "*Baptism*" came a day after the fair.

EXCHANGES.

We acknowledge the receipt of "Burritt's citizen of the World." "Georgia University Magazine." "Stylus." "Amherst Collegiate Magazine," and the "Oglethorpe University Magazine," the first number of a very neat and well conducted periodical. Exchanges will please acknowledge the receipt of our number.